

JENNIE BAXTER: JOURNALIST

By ROBERT BARR.

1.—The Daily Bugle Misses a Hit.

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Miss Jennie Baxter, with several final and dainty touches that set to rights her hat and dress—a little pull here and a pat there—regarded herself with some complacency in the large mirror that was set before her, as indeed she had every right to do, for she was an exceedingly pretty girl.

On this occasion Miss Jennie had paid more than usual attention to her toilet, for she was about to set out to watch a man, and the man was no other than Raymond Stoneham, the capable editor of the Daily Bugle, which was considered at that moment to be the most enterprising morning journal in the great metropolis. Miss Baxter had done work for some of the evening papers, several of the weeklies and a number of the monthlies, and the income she made was reasonably good, but hazardously fitful. There was an uncertainty about her mode of life which was displeasing to her, and she resolved if possible to capture an editor on one of the morning papers, and get a salary that was fixed and certain.

She stepped lightly into the hansom that was waiting for her and said to the cabman, "Office of the Daily Bugle, please; side entrance."

The careful toilet made its first impression upon the surly looking Irish porter, who, like a gruff and old-fashioned dog, guarded the entrance to the editorial rooms of the Bugle. When he caught a glimpse of Miss Baxter he slid off the stool and came out of the door to her, which was an extraordinary concession to a visitor, for Pat Ryan contented himself, as a usual thing, by saying curtly that the editor was busy and could see no one.

"What did you wish, miss? To see the editor? That's Mr. Hardwick. Have you an appointment with him? Ye haven't. Then I very much doubt if ye'll see him this day, mum. It's far better to write to him; thin ye can state what ye want, an' if he makes an appointment there'll be no trouble at all, at all."

"But surely," said Miss Jennie, in her most coaxing tone, "there must be some way to see even such a great man as the editor, and if there is, I know the way."

"Indeed, miss, I'm not so sure there is a way unless you met him in the street, which is unlikely. There's twelve men now waitin' for him in the big room, an' beyond that room there's another one, an' beyond that again is Mr. Hardwick's office. Now, it's as much as my place is worth, mum, to put ye in that room beyant the one where the men are waitin', but to tell ye the truth, miss," said the Irishman, lowering his voice, as if he were divulging office secrets, "Mr. Hardwick, who is a difficult man to deal with, sometimes comes through the small room an' out into the passage with he doesn't want to see any one at all, at all, an' goes out into the strait, leavin' everybody waitin' for him. Now, I'll put ye into this room, an' if the editor tries to slip out, thin ye can catch him, an' if he asks ye how ye got there, for the sake of blivin' don't tell him that I sint ye, because that's not my duty at all, at all."

"Indeed, I won't tell him how I got there, or, rather, I'll tell him I came there by myself, so all you need to do is to show me the door, and there won't need to be any lies told."

"Well, miss, ye went up the stairs together, at the head of which the porter stood while Miss Baxter went down the long passage and stopped at the right door. Ryan nodded and disappeared."

Miss Baxter opened the door softly, entered and sat down near the door by which she had entered from the passage, ready to intercept the flying editor should he attempt to escape.

In the editor's room some one was walking up and down with heavy footfall and growling in a deep voice that was plainly audible where Miss Jennie sat.

"You see, Alder, it's like this," said the voice. "Any paper may have a sensation every day if it wishes. But what I want is accuracy; otherwise our sheet has no real influence. When an article appears in the Bugle, I want our readers to understand that that article is true from beginning to end. I want not only sensation, but definiteness, and not only definiteness, but absolute truth."

"Well, Mr. Hardwick," interrupted another voice, "what Hazel is afraid of is that when this blows over he will lose his situation."

"But," interrupted the editor, "no one can tell that he gave the information. No one knows anything about this but you and I, and we will certainly keep our mouths shut."

"What Hazel fears is that the moment we print the account the board of public construction will know he gave away the figures because of their accuracy. He says that if we permit him to make one or two blunders, which will not matter in the least in so far as the general account goes, it will turn suspicion from him. It will be supposed that some one had access to the books and in the hurry of transcribing figures had made the blunders, which they know he would not do, for he has a reputation for accuracy in figures."

"Quite so," said the editor, "and it is just that reputation for accuracy that I want to gain for the Daily Bugle. Don't you think the truth of it is that the man wants more money?"

"Who? Hazel?"

"Certainly. Does he imagine that he could get more than \$20 elsewhere?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure the money doesn't come into the matter at all."

"Where do you meet this man? At his own house or in his office at the board?"

"Oh, in his own house, of course!"

"You haven't seen the books, then?"

"No, but he has the accounts all made out, tabulated beautifully, and has written a very clear statement of the whole transaction. You understand, of course, that there has been no embezzlement. The accounts as a whole balance perfectly, and there isn't a penny of the public funds wrongly appropriated. All the board has done is to juggle with figures so that each department seems to have come out all right, whereas the truth is that some departments have been carried on at a great profit, while others have been at a loss."

"I am sorry money hasn't been stolen," said the editor generously; "then we would have them on the hip. But, even as it is, the Bugle will make a great sensation. What I fear is that the opposition press will seize on those very inaccuracies, and try to throw doubt on the whole affair. Don't you think you can persuade this person to let us have the information intact without the inclusion of those blunders he seems to insist on? I wouldn't mind paying him a little more money, if he is what he is after."

"I don't think that is his object. The truth is, the man is frightened and grows more and more so as the day for publication approaches. He is so anxious about his position that he insisted he was not to be paid by check, but that I should collect the money and hand it over to him in sovereigns."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, Alder. We mustn't seem too eager. Let the matter rest where it is until Monday. I suppose he expects you to call upon him again to-day?"

"Yes, I told him I should be there at 7."

"Don't go, and don't write any explanation. Let him transfer a little of his anxiety to fear of losing the \$20. I want, if possible, to publish this information with absolute accuracy."

"Is there any danger, Mr. Hardwick, that some of the other papers may get on the track of this?"

"No, I don't think so; not for three days anyway. If we appear too eager, this man Hazel may refuse us altogether."

Miss Baxter heard the editor stop in his walk, and she heard the rustling of papers, as if the subordinate were gathering up some documents on which he had been consulting his chief. She was panic-stricken to think that either of the men might come out and find her in the position of an eaves-dropper, so with great quietness she opened the door and slipped out into the hall, going from there to the entrance of the ordinary waiting room, in which she found, not the twelve men that the porter had expatiated upon, but five. Evidently the other seven had existed only in the porter's imagination or had become tired of waiting and had withdrawn. The five looked up at her as she entered and sat down on a chair near the door. A moment later the door communicating with the room the editor had opened, and a clerk came in. He held two or three slips of paper in his hand and quickly dismissed all five of the waiting men. Then he turned to her.

"Has your name been sent in, madam?" the young man said to Miss Baxter as she rose.

"I think not," answered the girl. "Would you take my card to Mr. Hardwick and tell him I will wait him but a few moments?"

In a short time the secretary reappeared and held the door open for her.

Mr. Hardwick was a determined looking young man of about thirty-five, with a bullet head and closely cropped black hair. He looked like a stubborn, strong-willed man, and Miss Baxter's summing up of him was that of a man whose appearance of one who could be coaxed or wheedled into doing anything he did not wish to do. He held her card between his fingers and glanced from it to her, then down to the card again.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hardwick," began Miss Baxter. "I don't know that you have seen any of my work, but I have written a good deal for some of the evening papers and for some of the magazines."

"Yes," said Hardwick, who was standing up preparatory to leaving his office and who had not asked the young woman to sit down. "Your name is familiar to me. You wrote some months ago an account of a personal visit to the German Emperor. I forget now where it appeared."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Baxter. "That was written for the Summer Magazine and was illustrated by photographs."

"I've struck me," continued Hardwick without looking at her, "that it was an article written by a person who had never seen the German Emperor, but who had collected and assimilated material from whatever source presented itself."

The young woman, in nowise abashed, laughed, but still the editor did not look up.

"Yes," she admitted, "that is precisely how it came about. I never have had the pleasure of meeting William II myself."

"What I have always insisted upon in work submitted to me," growled the editor in a deep voice, "is absolute accuracy. I take it that you have called to see me because you wish to do some work for this paper."

"You are quite right in that surmise also," answered Miss Jennie. "Still, if I may say so, there was nothing inaccurate in my article about the German Emperor. My compilation was from thoroughly authentic sources. So I maintain it was as truthfully accurate as anything that has ever appeared in the Bugle."

"Perhaps our definitions of truth might not quite coincide. However, if you will write your address on his card I will write you if I have any work—that is, any outside work—which I think a woman can do. The woman's column of the Bugle, as you are probably aware, is already in good hands."

Miss Jennie seemed annoyed that all her elaborate preparations were thrown away on this man, who never raised his eyes or glanced at her, except once, during their conversation.

"Do not aspire," she said, rather shortly, "to the position of editor of a woman's journal. I never read a woman's column myself, and, unlike Mr. Grant Allen, I never met a woman who did."

She succeeded in making the editor lift his eyes toward her for the second time.

"Neither do I intend to leave my address so that you may send a wire to me if you think you have anything that you think I ought to know. What I wish is a salaried position on your staff."

"My good woman," said the editor briskly, "that is utterly impossible. I may tell you frankly that I don't believe in woman journalists. The articles we publish by women are sent to this office from their own homes. Anything that a woman can do for a newspaper I have men who will do quite as well, if not better, and there are many things that women can't do at all which men must do. I am perfectly satisfied with my staff as it stands, Miss Baxter."

For the third time he looked up at her, and there was dismissal in his glance.

Miss Baxter said indignantly to herself, "This brute of a man hasn't the slightest idea that I am one of the best trained women he has ever met."

But there was no trace of indignation in her voice when she said to him sweetly: "We will take that as settled. But if for some other paper, Mr. Hardwick, I should show evidence of being as good a newspaper reporter as any member of your staff, may I come up here, and, without being kept waiting too long, tell you of my triumph?"

"You would not shake my decision," he said. "But I will see you again if you call."

"Thank you! And good afternoon, Mr. Hardwick. I am so much obliged to you for consenting to see me. I shall call upon you at this hour to-morrow afternoon."

There was something of triumph in her smiling bow to him, and as she left she heard a long whistle of astonishment in Mr. Hardwick's room. She hurried down the stairs and to her waiting cab.

"Drive quickly to the Cafe Royal," she said to the cabman.

When the hansom drove up in front of the Cafe Royal Miss Jennie Baxter did not step out of it, but waited until the stalwart servant in gold lace, who guarded the entrance, hurried from the door to the vehicle. "Do you know Mr. Stoneham," she asked hurriedly. "The editor of The Evening Graphic? He is usually here playing dominoes with some one about this hour."

"Oh, yes; I know him," was the reply. "I think he is inside at this moment, but I will make certain."

In a short time Mr. Stoneham himself appeared, looking perhaps a trifle disconcerted at having his whereabouts so accurately ascertained.

"I have a most important bit of news for you that wouldn't wait," said Miss Baxter, "and in half an hour from now you will be writing your to-morrow's leader, showing in terse and forcible language the many inequities of the board of public construction."

"Oh," cried the editor, brightening. "If it is anything to the discredit of the board of public construction, I am glad you came."

"Well, that's not a bit complimentary to me. You should be glad in any case, but I'll tell you the news. Please step into this hansom, because I have most important news to tell you. I have just been to a confidential conference in a hansom driving through the streets of London, and I have slowly toward The Evening Graphic office, she said to the cabman, pushing up the door in the roof of the hansom.

"Now, Mr. Stoneham, in the first place, I want \$20 golden sovereigns. How am I to get them within half an hour?"

"Good gracious! I don't know. The banks are all closed, but there is a man at Charing Cross who would perhaps change a check for me. There is a check-book in the office."

Then that's all right and settled. Mr. Stoneham, there is a man at Charing Cross who would perhaps change a check for me. There is a check-book in the office of the board of public construction," cried Stoneham eagerly.

"No; merely a shifting round."

"Ah!" said the editor in a disappointed tone.

"Oh, you needn't say 'ah.' It's very serious. This is indeed a most important matter to deceive the dear and confiding public, to whose interests all the daily papers, and the evening papers, pretend to be devoted. The very fact that the editor of the Bugle is tempted, Mr. Stoneham, ought to call forth some angry virtuous editor."

"Oh, it does not do that. But then it would be a difficult matter to prove. If some money were gone, now—"

"My dear sir, the matter is already proved and quite ripe for your energetic handling and that of the public. That's what the \$20 are for. This sum will secure the money to be paid to-morrow—a statement bristling with figures, which the board of construction cannot deny. You will be able in a stirring leading article to express the horror you undoubtedly feel at the falsification of the figures, and your stern denunciation in doing so will probably not be mitigated by the fact that no other paper in London will have the news."

"I see," said the editor, listening as if the magnitude of the idea began to appeal more strongly to his imagination. "What makes you so sure of the success of this? We are we to know that it is absolutely correct?"

"Well, there is a point on which I wish to inform you before going any further. It is absolutely correct. Two or three errors have been purposely put in the figures to throw investigators off the track if they try to discover who gave the news to the press, for the man who gave the news to the press is a clerk in the office of the board of public construction. So, you see, you are getting the facts from inside."

"Well, the traitor seems to be covering up his tracks rather effectively. How did you come to know him?"

"I don't know him. I never met him in my life, but it came to my knowledge that one of the morning papers had already made all its plans for getting this information. The clerk was to get \$20 for the document, but the editor and he are at present negotiating, because the editor insists upon absolute accuracy, while, as I said, the man wishes to protect himself—to cover his tracks, as you say."

"Good gracious!" cried Stoneham, "I didn't think the editor of any morning paper in London was so particular about the accuracy of what he printed."

The shrewd and energetic dealer in coins whose little office stood at the exit from Charing Cross station proved quite willing to oblige the editor of the Evening Graphic with 50 sovereigns in exchange for the paper, and the editor, handing to Miss Jennie the envelope containing the gold, saw her drive off for Brixton (where, at 17 Rupert square, the directory had told her Mr. Hazel lived), while he turned to return to his office, to write the leader, which would express in good set terms the horror he felt at the action of the board of public construction.

It was a little past 7 o'clock when Miss Baxter's hansom drove up to the two-story building in Rupert square numbered 15. She knocked at the door, and it was opened by a man with some trace of anxiety on his clouded face, who proved to be Hazel himself, the clerk at the board of public construction.

"You a clerk, Mr. Hazel?" she ventured, on entering.

"Yes," replied the man, quite evidently surprised at seeing a lady instead of the man he was expecting, but who said, "I am afraid I will have to ask you to excuse me. I am waiting for a visitor who is a few minutes late and who may be here at any moment."

"You are waiting for Mr. Alder, are you not?"

"Yes," stammered the man, his expression of surprise giving place to one of consternation.

"Oh, well, that is all right," said Miss Jennie reassuringly. "I have just driven from the office of the Daily Bugle. Mr. Alder cannot come to-night."

"Ah," said Hazel, closing the door. "Then you are here instead of him. Mr. Alder is on other business that he had to attend to at the editor's request. Now, Mr. Hardwick—that's the editor, you know."

"Yes, I know," answered Hazel.

"They were now sitting down in the front parlor."

"Well, Mr. Hardwick is very anxious that the figures should be given with absolute accuracy."

"Of course, that would be much better," cried the man; "but you see, I have gone over all that with Mr. Alder already. He said he would mention what I told him to the editor."

"Oh, he has done so," said Miss Baxter, "and did it very ably. He is a very able fact, your reasons are quite unanswerable. You fear, of course, that you will lose your situation, and that is very true, but no one in the Bugle office wishes you to suffer for what you have done. Of course it will be in the public eye."

"Of course, of course," murmured Hazel, looking down on the table.

"Well, have your documents ready so that they can be published at any time?"

"Quite ready," answered the man.

"Then, well, you will sign with decision."

"Here is your \$20. Just count the money and see that it is correct. I took the envelope as it was handed to me, and have not examined the amount myself."

She poured the sovereigns out on the table, and Hazel, with trembling fingers, counted them out two by two.

"That is quite right," he said, rising. He went to the drawer, unlocked it and took out a long blue envelope.

"There," he said, with a sigh that was almost a gasp, "that is the figure and a full explanation of them. You will be very careful that my name does not slip out in any way."

"Oh, no," said Miss Jennie, coolly drawing forth the papers from their covering. "No one knows anything about this but you and I, and we will certainly keep our mouths shut."

"The man had not the slightest suspicion that his visitor was not a member of the staff, and he was not at all suspicious with. She was so thoroughly self-possessed and showed herself so familiar with all details that he had been discussing with Hazel and Alder that no doubt had entered the clerk's mind."

Miss Jennie placed the papers back in their blue envelope and bade the anxious Hazel good-bye.

Once more in the hansom, she ordered the man to drive her to Charing Cross, and when she was ten minutes away from Rupert square she changed her direction and drove him to take her to the office of the Evening Graphic, where she found Mr. Stoneham busy with his leading article and impatiently awaiting further details of the conspiracy he was to lay open before the public.

A glance at the papers Miss Baxter brought to him showed Mr. Stoneham that he had at least got the worth of his \$20. There would be a fluttering in high places before the day, and the paper would be a little earlier than usual, calculating his time with exactitude, as the first edition, cribbed from the Graphic, and yet the paper would be on the streets at the usual hour, and "Orrible scandal!" before any other evening sheet was visible. And this was accomplished the day with a precision that was admirable.

Mr. Stoneham, with a craft worthy of all commendation, had from the first made an editorial a small fraction of the figures that were in his possession, so that he might print them in the fourth edition, and thus put upon the second lot of contents bills sent out in huge, startling black type. Further revelations of the Board of Construction Scandal, and his scathing leading article, in which he indignantly demanded a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the board, was recognized, even by the friends of that public body, to have seriously shaken confidence in it. And all the other papers were filled with impotent anger.

Completely at 5 o'clock that afternoon a hansom containing Miss Jennie Baxter drove up to the side entrance of the Daily Bugle office, and the young woman once more accosted the Irish porter, who again came out of his den to receive her.

"Miss Baxter, said the Irishman, half by way of salutation and half by way of inquiry."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Well, Mr. Hardwick left strict orders with me that if you came, or rather that you came, I was to conduct you right to his room at once."

"Oh, that is very satisfactory," cried Miss Jennie, "and somewhat different from the state of things yesterday."

The porter led the way to Mr. Hardwick's room and announced the visitor.

"Ask her to come in," she heard the editor say, and the next instant the porter left her alone together.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Baxter?" said Mr. Hardwick, with no trace of that anger

in his voice which she had expected. "I have been waiting for you, you said you would be here at 7, and I like punctuality. Without being round the bend, I suppose, I may take it for granted that the Evening Graphic is indebted to you for what it is pleased to call the board of public construction scandal?"

"Yes," said the young woman, seating herself, and looking up to tell you and to be cured for the Graphic that interesting bit of information."

"So I suppose. My colleague, Henry Alder, saw Hazel this afternoon at the offices of the board. The good man Hazel is panic-stricken at the explosion he has caused and is in a very nervous state of mind, more especially when he learned that his document had gone to an unexpected quarter. Fortunately for him the offices of the board are thronged with journalists who want to get statements from the man or the other regarding the exposure, and so the visit of Alder to Hazel was not likely to be noticed or commented upon by the public."

Mr. Hardwick, however, was not so easily satisfied. He had seen the young woman who has so cleverly wheedled the documents from him and who is now in the exact same position as he is in. He had seen her in the exact way that it was to have been paid. Alder had not seen you, but he had seen the state of mind of the important news slipped through. But when he told me what had happened at once you were the goddess of the machine. There I have been waiting for you."

"You would like to ask, Miss Baxter, how the Graphic paid you for that information?"

"It wasn't a question of money with me. The subject hasn't been discussed. Mr. Stoneham is not a generous payer, and that is why I desire to get on a paper which does not count the cost too closely. What I wished to do was to convince you that I was not a mere money-grubber, and that I was a staff, for you seemed to be of the opinion that the staff was already sufficient and complete."

"Oh, my staff is not to blame in this matter. I am willing to take all the blame for it on my shoulders, but there are some other things I am not willing to do, and perhaps you are in a position to clear up a little misunderstanding which has arisen in this office. I suppose I may take it for granted that you overheard the conversation which took place between Mr. Alder and myself in this room yesterday afternoon?"

"Well," said Miss Baxter, for the first time in some confusion, "I can assure you that I am not in the least in the way of listening to anything. I came into the next room by myself for the purpose of trying to do some good work."

While not exactly a member of the staff of The Evening Graphic, it nevertheless, takes, and you may be sure, I am able to do, and so I consider myself bound to keep my eyes and ears open on its behalf wherever it goes."

"Oh, I don't want to censure you at all," said Hardwick. "I merely wish to be certain about the things you said. As I said, I am willing to take the blame entirely on my own shoulders. I don't think I should should have made use of information obtained in that way myself. Still, I am not venturing to find fault with you for doing so."

"To find fault with me!" cried Miss Jennie, somewhat warmly. "That would be the pot calling the kettle black indeed. Why, what better were you? You were bribing a poor man to furnish you with statistics which were kind of new to let me have. Yet you overcame his scruples with money, quite willing that he should risk his livelihood so long as he got the news. If you ask me, I don't see very much difference in our positions."

"Oh, quite so, quite so," answered Hardwick, soothingly. "I have already disclaimed the critical attitude. The point I wish to say is that you are a member of the staff, and so I consider myself bound to keep my eyes and ears open on its behalf wherever it goes."

"I don't know that I could repeat it word for word, but I could certainly give the gist of it."

"Would you have any objection to telling a gentleman whom I shall call in a moment, as nearly as possible, what Alder said and what I said? I may add that the gentleman I speak of is Mr. Hemstead, and he is practically the proprietor of this paper. There has arisen between Mr. Alder and myself a slight divergence of memory, if you may call it that, and I wish to have the only person who can settle the dispute."

"I am perfectly willing to tell what I heard to anybody."

"Thank you."

Mr. Hardwick pressed an electric button, and his secretary came in from another room.

"Would you ask Mr. Hemstead to step this way if he is in the office?"

In a few minutes Mr. Hemstead entered, bowed somewhat stiffly toward the lady, but rose up instantly when he heard that she was the person who had given the board of public construction scandal to the Evening Graphic.

"I have just this moment learned, Mr. Hemstead, that Miss Baxter was in the adjoining room when Alder and I were talking over this matter. She heard the conversation. I have not asked her to repeat it, but she has it all in her mind, and she is willing to answer any questions you may ask."

In that case, Mr. Hemstead, would it not be well to have Henry Alder here?"

"Certainly, if he is in the premises."

Then, turning to his secretary, he said: "Would you find out if Mr. Alder is in his room? Tell him Mr. Hemstead wishes to see him here."

When Henry Alder came in and the secretary had disappeared, Miss Baxter sat at once to the task of repeating the situation, for it was quite evident the three men were scarcely on speaking terms.

"Nothing causes such a state of tension in a newspaper office as the missing of a piece of news that is important."

"Perhaps it would be better," said Mr. Hemstead, "if Miss Baxter would repeat the conversation as she heard it."

"I don't see the need of that," said Mr. Hemstead. "There is only one point at issue. Did Mr. Alder warn Mr. Hardwick that by delay he would lose the publication of this report?"

"Certainly," answered the girl. "As I remember it, he said: 'Isn't there a danger that some other paper may get this?' Mr. Hardwick replied: 'I don't think so, not for three days, at least, and then Mr. Alder said, 'Very good, or 'Very well, or something like that.'"

"That quite tallies with my own remembrance," said Hardwick. "I admit I am to blame, but I decidedly say that I was not definitely warned by Mr. Alder that the matter would be lost to us."

"If you would be lost if you delayed," said Alder, "and it has been lost. I have been on the track of this for two weeks, and it is very galling to have missed it at the last moment through no fault of my own."

"Still," said Mr. Hemstead coldly, "your version of the conversation does not quite tally with what Miss Baxter says."

"Oh, but it is as you wish," said Alder tranquilly. "It doesn't matter in the least to me. I have taken service on the Bugle, and I am perfectly satisfied with my place on the Bugle vacant," saying which he put his hat on his head and left the room.

Mr. Hemstead was somewhat disturbed by the discussion, but, for the first time, Mr. Hardwick smiled grimly.

"I always insist on accuracy," he said, "and lack of it is one of Alder's failings."

"Nevertheless," Mr. Hardwick, you have lost one of your best men. How are you going to replace him?" inquired the proprietor, anxiously.

"There is little difficulty in replacing even the best man on any staff in London," replied Hardwick, with a glance at Miss Baxter. "As this young lady seems to keep her wits about her when the welfare of her paper is concerned, I shall, if you have no objection, fill Henry Alder's place with Miss Baxter."

Mr. Hemstead arched his eyebrows at a trifle. "I thought you didn't believe in women journalists," Mr. Hardwick, he murmured at last.

"I have had up till yesterday, but since then I have had reason to change my mind."

"Do you think," Mr. Hemstead, "that you can fill the place of Henry Alder?" asked the proprietor, doubtfully.

"Oh, I am sure of it!" answered the girl.

"Mr. Hardwick smiled grimly. The proprietor turned to him and said, 'I don't quite see, Mr. Hardwick, a lady on the staff of this paper outside of the regular departments.'"

"I hardly think there will be any trouble about that," Mr. Hemstead, for example, who would be more likely to attempt the solution of that knotty question about the Princess von Sternheim's diamonds?"

"By Jove!" cried Hemstead, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "That is an interesting question. I imagine that if any one can unravel that mystery it is Miss Baxter."

The second story of this serial, "The Diamonds of the Princess," will be printed in the Journal of Sunday, June 11.

The Fiddler of Dooney.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney
Folks dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is peep in Elvareet,
My brother in Honahabine.

I passed my brother and cousin;
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo Fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile at the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gates.

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

And when the folk there say me
They will all come up to me
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney,"
And dance like a wave of the sea."

—W. R. Yeats.

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